

## IT CAN'T BE DONE



## CLAYTON BEGINS HIS FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

Congressman From Third District of Alabama Is Prominent in Democratic Circles.

Henry De Lamar Clayton, Congressman for the Third district of Alabama, was born fifty-six years ago today in Barbour county, Ala. After being graduated from the University of Alabama he began the practice of law in Vlayton, Ala. Two years later he moved to Eu-falla, Ala., which city has since been his home. His public career began in 1894 with his election of the Alabama general assembly. From 1899 to 1906 he served as United States district attorney and since 1897 he has been in Congress. In 1912 he was the permanent chairman of the Democratic national convention in Denver. Others to whom birthday congratulations may be extended are: Admiral Lord Charles Bessford, sixty-seven years; Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, seventy-six years; Dr. Robert A. Falconer, president of Toronto University, forty-six years; Dr. Ira Remsen, the chemist, sixty-seven years; Edward W. Townsend, writer of "Chimie Fadden" stories, fifty-eight years; and Judge Albert B. Anderson, who presided over the trial of the "dynamite conspirators" at Indianapolis, fifty-six years old.

## OBITUARY NOTES.

## ERNEST L. HARVEY.

The last rites for Ernest L. Harvey were solemnized this morning at his home, 1255 Fourteenth street northwest. Interment was at Rock Creek Cemetery.

## CHARLES H. COBURN.

The funeral of Charles H. Coburn, who died Saturday, will be held this afternoon from the chapel of Gawler's Sons. Interment will be at Oak Hill Cemetery.

## MRS. THERESA GAUTRON.

The funeral services of Mrs. Theresa Gautron, who died Saturday, will be conducted tomorrow morning at St. Peter's Church, where mass will be said. Interment will be private. Mrs. Gautron is survived by her daughter, Mrs. Charles F. Berkeley.

## MRS. GEORGIA FELL.

Funeral services for Mrs. Georgia Fell, who died yesterday after an operation at the Sibby Hospital, will be conducted tomorrow from her home in North Chevy Chase, Md. Interment will be in Grace Church Cemetery. Mrs. Fell is survived by her husband, Randolph M. Fell, an employee in the Treasury Department, and three brothers and two sisters.

## MRS. SUSAN E. CALDWELL.

The funeral of Mrs. Susan E. Caldwell, who died at her home in Washington, Va., Saturday, was held yesterday afternoon at her home. Interment was at the Warrington Cemetery. Mrs. Caldwell, who was eighty-five years old, was the widow of L. W. Caldwell, founder and editor of the Warrington Times-Index. She is survived by a daughter and three sons.

## Illustrated Lecture To Men at Fort Myer

Samuel C. Lancaster, superintendent of Mt. Rainier Park, delivered a lecture before the officers and enlisted men of Fort Myer last night showing the beauties of the park by means of lantern slides, and describing the purposes of the park and the work it is expected to do. The lecture was in connection with the Sunday evening services of the Y. M. C. A. On Saturday night Lieut. J. W. Patton, a member of the team sent to Stockholm, Sweden, to address the officers and men on the Olympic games. The address was illustrated with motion pictures.

## Honorary Members Will Be Guests of Legion

The members of the Legion of Loyal Women will entertain the honorary members of the organization tonight. The chairman of the committee, having charge of the affair are: Advisory committee, Mrs. E. Ball; executive, Mrs. Kate Riley; Mrs. Sarah Perry; printing, Mrs. M. E. Cutler; hall, Mrs. A. E. Odell; press, Mrs. Ada H. Weller; reception, Mrs. M. A. Houghton; visiting the sick, Mrs. M. A. Knapp; music, Mrs. Hattie Bouché; flowers, Mrs. O. C. Johnson; home and employment, Mrs. Nellie C. Royce.

## THE DESTROYING ANGEL

By Louis Joseph Vance

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## CHAPTER I.

THEN I'm to understand there's no hope for me?" "I'm afraid not," Greyerson said, reluctantly, sympathy in his eyes. "None whatever!" The verdict was thus brusquely emphasized by Hart, one of the two consulting specialists. Having spoken, he glanced at his watch, then at the face of his colleague, Bushnell, who contented himself with a tolerant waggle of his head, apparently meant to imply that the subject of their deliberations really must be reasonable.

Anybody who wilfully insists on footling the measures of life with a defective constitution for a partner has no logical right to balk at paying the piper.

Greyerson looked quickly from one to the other of his three judges, acutely sensitive to the dread significance to be detected in the expression of each, however their manners were otherwise at variance.

He found only one kind and pitiful of Greyerson, who was his friend. Of the others, Hart had assumed a stony glare to mask the nervousness so plainly betrayed by his staccato speech; it hurt him to infer pain, and he was horribly afraid lest the patient break down and "make a scene."

"Bushnell, on the other hand, was imperturbable by nature; a man to whom all men were simply 'cases'; he sat stroking his long chin and hoping that Whitaker would have the decency soon to go and leave them free to talk shop—his pet dissipation."

Falling to extract the least glimmering of hope from the attitude of any one of them, Whitaker drew a long breath, unconsciously bracing himself in his chair. "It's funny," he said, with his nervous smile—"hard to realize, mean. You see, I feel so fit."

"Between attacks," Hart interjected, quickly. "Yes," Whitaker had to admit, dashed. "Attacks," said Bushnell, heavily, "recurrent at constantly shorter intervals, each a trifle more severe than its predecessor."

He shut his thin lips tight, as one who has consciously pronounced the last word.

Greyerson sighed. "But I don't understand," argued the prisoner at the bar, plaintively bewildered. "Why, I rowed with the crew three years, hand running—not a sign of anything wrong with me. If you had then had proper professional advice, you would have spared yourself such strains. But it's too late now; the mischief can't be undone."

Evidently Bushnell considered the last word his prerogative. Whitaker turned from him impatiently. "What about an operation?" he demanded of Greyerson. The latter looked away, making

only a slight negative motion with his head.

"The knife," observed Hart. "That would merely hasten matters." "Yes," Bushnell affirmed. "There was a brief, uneasy silence in the gloomy consulting room. Then Whitaker rose and took up his hat. "Well how long will you give me?" he asked in a strained voice.

"Six months," said Greyerson, miserably, avoiding his eye. "Perhaps," the proprietor of the last word stroked his chin with a contemplative air. "Thanks," said Whitaker, without irony.

He stood for an instant with his head bowed in thought. "What a damned outrage!" he observed, thoughtfully. And suddenly he turned and flung out of the room.

Greyerson jumped to follow him, but paused as he heard the crash of the street door. He turned back with a twitching, apologetic smile.

"Poor devil!" he said, sitting down at his desk and scribbling a note of the room. "He's a damned fool."

"Takes it hard," commented Hart. "You would, at his age; he's barely twenty-five." "Must feel more or less like a fellow whose wife has run off with his best friend," said Bushnell, bluntly.

"Go out, get yourself arrested for a brutal murder you didn't commit, get tried and sentenced to death within six months, the precise date being left to the discretion of the executioner—then you'll know how he feels."

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and Whitaker hastily scribbled his order on it.

"Bring that up to the library," he said, "and be quick about it." He stumbled into the elevator, and presently found himself in the library. There was no one else in sight, and Whitaker was glad of that as it was him to be glad of anything just then.

He dropped heavily into a big arm-chair and waited, his brain whirling and seething, his nerves on edge, and screaming.

In this state Peter Stark found him. Peter stumbled into the room with a manner elaborately careless. Beneath that mask he was anything but indifferent, just as his appearance was anything but fortuitous.

A Continuation of This Story Which Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

May Try Aviator Who Photographed Fort

On December 11 an aviator and photographer flew over Fortifications at San Francisco and made a picture which was subsequently printed by a San Francisco paper; now the Department of Justice is inclined to think the "spy law" has been violated, and the question of prosecution has been placed in the hands of the district attorney at San Francisco.

It is said that the photograph revealed facts regarding the fortifications which the Government was anxious to keep secret.

The "spy law" was passed several years ago to place under the Department of Justice cases involving undesirable prying into military secrets. It has never been invoked.

Although the papers in the case were sent to San Francisco several days ago, no word has been heard from the local district attorney.

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Two nocturnes, Op. 9, No. 1 and

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Two études, Op. 10, No. 1 and

Op. 10, No. 2.

Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 1.

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